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SKELETON

ROSE





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THE
SKELETON AND THE ROSE.

AND

Lems by the Wayside.

BY
HENRY FRANK.

BRENTANO BROS.
CHICAGO, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

1886.

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BY

HENRY FRANK.

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TO
A. R. F.,
ONE OF THE MUSES' RICHLY GIFTED DAUGHTERS,
FRIEND, HOPE, INSPIRATION,
I DEDICATE,
WITH HIGH REGARD AND WARM AFFECTION,
THESE BREATHINGS OF MY
HEART.

Prefatory Note.

LIKE a frail bark upon an untried sea; like a fearful pilgrim in an unknown land; like a bird, with trembling wings, buffeting the stormy air; such is the book of an unknown author launched upon the literary sea to sail, it may be, proudly, or, perchance, to founder in a single day.

The author of this little book lays no claim to literary merit;—his only apology for publishing his efforts is the desire to gratify the oft repeated requests of his friends, coupled with the hope that possibly the strains, though crudely cast, may prove to other hearts a consolation and a comfort, as they oft have to his own.

Written in the wanderings of a varied pilgrimage by rivers' banks; on mountain heights; in

golden orange-groves; where bend the graceful palm and willow or tower the stately pine; by the rocking sea-wave's shore; in the shadows of dark and awful canyons; each line associated with some memento culled from almost every state and territory of our Great Republic; these "breathings of a pensive heart" are sent afloat with tremblings and misgivings, pleading only leniency in damning, if praise can not be granted.

A few of the poems herein appearing have been already published by different journals and magazines in the course of the last two years; but most of them are made public for the first time between these two lids.

HENRY FRANK.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 19, 1885.

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Invocation.

O! MUSE awake my secret powers
With mellow suns or chilling showers!
Or smoothest seas or storms are best,
Thou knowest—in thy will I rest.
Come strokes of woe upon my soul,
Enchanting music forth shall roll:—
The jewel smitten by the rod
Casts richer hues upon the sod.
Should sad affliction dim my eyes,
Then through their mists, as o'er the skies
The light beyond spreads radiant bow,
Thy light within shall radiance throw.
To thee who weavest hope and pain
In common woof of peace again,
Where'er thou hid'st, O! Muse sublime,
In worlds eterne, or spheres of time;

In Cynthia's silver wings of light,
Or shades of dark Cimmerian night;
In sea-waves' monotone of woe;
In zephyrs, kissing worlds below,
Wafting from the mystic lands,
Whither beckon unseen hands;—
To thee alone my song shall be,
From flowered earth and moon-lit sea!
O! Muse benign, my soul inspire,
Attune to joy my languid lyre!
And from my heart's repentant echo
Give comfort to the slaves of woe,
That lisps of a feeble soul
Charmed anthems o'er a world may roll!



The Skeleton and the Rose.

A VISION.

I called on dreams and visions to disclose,
That which is veiled from waking thought;
* * * * * And life was put
To inquisitions long and profitless,
By pain of heart,—now checked and now impelled,
The Intellectual Power through words and things
Went sounding on a dim and perilous way!

WORDSWORTH.

I.

I N a southern clime on a sultry night,
O'er my books as I bent and in revery read,
While the world liquid lay, in the lambent light
Of departing day, and but breath of the dead
Seemed the stirless air, unswept with the sound
Of breeze, or the rustle of leaf on the ground;

'Twas on such an eve, while the legends I read
Of time-honored saints, and of warriors grand,

Their soul-searchings traced, and followed their
tread,
Or on field, or in book, or that mystical strand,
Whose fore-glimpse is caught by the soul's piercing
glance:—
While so reading—a vision held my senses in
trance.

Sudden seemed the room overcast with deep dark,
And e'en as I looked from the dark to evolve
A strange figure, whose outline, though dim, seemed
to mark
A shape human!—Startled: yet the puzzle to solve
Most determined, I seemed dragged toward the form,
Where lo! hung a skeleton like cloud torn in
storm!

Trembling, I paused, made speechless with fright.—
No need for a word: for the grinning intruder,
His jaws 'gan to open, and with voice like a sprite
Thin and piping, but with speeches of wisdom far
shrewder,
My soul overpowered, my senses enthralled,
Till listening, I lay at his feet unappalled.

II.

The Skeleton's Story, or the Skeptic's
Chant.

Son of man, oh, idle-born, list, oh, list to what
I say:

Sad and sorrowful my theme, dirgeful is my minstrel
lay!

Born was I, like all men else, with flesh and blood
and hope and song;
Roamed the streets and filled the marts, sailed the
seas and massed the throng.

'Round the whole world wandered I, on ocean's
bosom sought the east,
And from the east to west returned, all things seek-
ing e'en the least.

Studied charts of stars and globes, seeking every-
where for truth,
As truth in God alone is found: God of manhood
and of youth!

Sciences long studied I; the outer mould of earth
 incleaving;

The bowels of its inmost caves, its mines, and vulcan
 forces heaving

Giant forms of naked rocks, the hollow midst of
 earth revealing;

These studied I: from quartz or ore or fossil mould
 their secrets stealing.

Worlds wandering in seas of space 'round labyrinth
 orbits well defined,

And other worlds still onward rolling 'round vaster
 worlds still undivined:

These too I studied: their birth, their light and
 present source of preservation;

And studying, wondered "Where could be the won-
 drous Lord of such creation?"

E'en sought the lore of wisdom past, from Roman,
 Greek or orient Persian;

Traced their myths and classic song; severed truth
 from false assertion.

Learned Zend' Vesta's dual powers, and Aristotle's
logic forms:

Weapons strong for every warrior in the world's
polemic storms.

Zeno taught me stoic rigor, self denial, manly
strength;—

Plato taught me God to see, so manifest in breadth
and length

Of all created worlds around: yet how this Over Soul
to grasp.

And, separate from space and time, his spirit in my
own enclasp;

This taught he not: nor Seneca that sage supreme
of ancient Rome,

Though he taught well of Truth and Honor, of Virtue
and of Home.

Though pained with search and weary grown, still
panting for the Truth sublime;

Though thin and wan and fainting 'most, from
height to height sought still to climb.

I traced the lore of mystic Ind, and all the
wisdom of that land,
Where Buddha sang and Vishnu reigns and millions
bend 'neath Brahma's hand.

Gautama sang of woe and death, and comfort spake
to suffering souls:
And sweet his song of solace flows as water o'er a
banklet rolls.—

Yet God to him no power gave to know Him from
the vast of worlds;
No more to him is God above than cloud that in the
storm-wind swirls:

No more than flower that breathes and speaks, than
lightning's glare, or thunder's voice;
In each his God he equal finds with calm and philo-
sophic choice!

So tireless sought I heights and depths, the worlds
agone and still to come,
Till breathless, frantic, crazed, the highlands sought,
forsook my home,

And like the beasts and birds of air, from Nature
 strove my pearl to earn;
From juice of herb and smell of flower the secret of
 her Lord to learn!

I begged the trees their secret tell, and flowing
 waters whose sweet song,
Like voices of the long lost past, recalled my friends
 in thickening throng!

I called the stars my witness be, who nightly down
 upon me gazed,
As eyes of wandering spirits lost, when glued with
 fright aghast, amazed,

Stare wildly at some phantom sight: so stared they
 on me, still I cried
Their secret to my soul to tell: how God supreme
 might be espied!

And then beside the Ocean knelt and heard the storm
 and sough of waves,
Whose sobbing cry through tearful voice like mine
 for aye a blessing craves.

'O! Ocean old and wondrous wise whose bosom count-
less throngs have borne,
Who holdest in thy crystal heart the cause of reck-
less lives forlorn:

Who wast when earth and sky were one, and heard'st
the voice of Him above
Declare them separate, and thyself in pit confined
no more to rove:

O! Father Ocean, grimly wise, who hast the scenes
of worlds o'er gazed,
Whom now we praise with wondering hearts, as
voices of the past have praised:

Whose world mysterious, unrevealed, conceal the
works of Him I seek,
Oh, at thy feet while still I list, speak, relieve my
heart and speak!

But swish, and slush, and heaving sough, their lazy
monotone proclaim,
And sound not from their vasty deep the echo of his
solemn name!

So wandered I creation o'er till wasting flesh and
 blood decayed;
Still thirsting and insatiate still this God to find I
 still essayed!

But over all the worlds I've roved through stars and
 suns and endless spheres,
Still seeking Him I found not yet and still am seek-
 ing through the years!"

* * * * * *

And while he yet spake and his voice trembled
 low,
Dissolving the figure seemed passing from sight;
Yet e'en where it stood, most distinctly but slow,
The shadows were changing and the shades turning
 light;
But as lighter it grew seemed a form to arise,
Overclad with such beauty an angel might prize.

Stood awhile looking sweet, then its veil threw
 aside,
And its breath sent it forth, so deliciously pure,

Seemed zephyr from paradise ; when gazing I
spied

'Twas a flower abloom, by some charm held secure
In that spot where but now the skeleton hung:
Then with voice like a seraph's enchantingly sung:

III.

The Song of the Rose, or the Voice of
Faith.

My story is simple it need not be long,
Flows like a waterfall, ripples like song!

I was born a rose-bud and unfolded in bloom,
For I sought not the darkness nor moulded in gloom.

But a sun-beam flew over my soul one day,
Sang love to my heart in a sweet minstrel lay:—

The sun-beam I kissed and my bosom unbared,
So his light is my shield, and his arrows unsparred

Palisade and defend me in life or in death:—
For his life is my life and his spirit my breath!

My heart I just opened and the sun-beam flew in,
Painted my colors and his fragrance blew in!

No burden have I but my bosom to bare,
For my sun-love, my joy relieves from all care.

He weaves me my raiment and outlines my form;
Shields me with leaves 'gainst the wild sweeping
storm;

Stamps his own hues on my morning-flushed face.
And each lace-like vein his bright fingers trace!

So, wherever I am, my sun-light is there,
The world to illumine, refresh the foul air.

My fragrance is his, his sweetness is mine,
And we too are but one locked in love-life divine.

So, at last, when my petals fade and fall to the
ground,
Absorbed in my love, without noise or a sound,

On the wings of his light, uncoffined, unseen,
I am borne to the home of his kingdom, his Queen!

* * * * *

IV.

So speaking she vanished in a cloud of light lying,
With a fluttering sound as if angels were flying.—
Ah! how simple the lesson I have learned in my dream,
For truth oftimes stranger than fiction may seem;
And as problems arise to abuse my repose,
“Which is best,” ask I now, “the Skeleton or Rose?”





Poems of Love.



All thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

—COLERIDGE.

Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom.

—TENNYSON.

LOVE'S DREAM.

CLOUDS afloat, clouds afloat,
 Adrift o'er the azure sea:
So floats my pensive soul to-day,
 Adrift, adream on thee.
 Like white foam flakes,
 Aswirl in the lakes,
With moon-beams silvered over,
 So float my thoughts,
 Like silver spots,
On the river of love forever.

I hear the sound of singing streams
 Adripping on the rocks:—
A lovely maiden becks to me
 With moon-beams in her locks!
 The boat is there,
 As light as air,

And the ocean blue as the sky:
 We sail away,
 O'er the misty spray,
Like birds through the azure fly!

The ocean of love is a billowless bourne,
 Whose bosom we rudderless ride;
But deep as its depths and vast as its leagues
 Is my love for the Queen of my Pride!

* * * * *

O! treacherous sea,
 The story we three
Alone of the whole world know:—
 How the maelstrom swirled,
 And my Love-Queen whirled
From my arms to the deeps below!



Plighted.

TWO mountains rear their bald, gray heads,
And pierce the haloing sky,
Two streamlets wind their silvery threads
O'er rocky beds on high.

The purling streams are glad and free
As deer on native heights;
Their songs are full of liberty:
They flash with radiant lights.

Their dauntless spirits brave the steeps,
And spurn the rocky dell;
They smile to yon sweet sky that peeps
'Tween canyons where they dwell.

How echo all the mountain heights,
The pines with whispering sounds,

With joyance of their wanton flights,
As each with rapture bounds!

What thought have they, what burden born
Of terror, hope, or love?
The rocks the storms have swept and torn,
And ages yet shall prove,

With mocking glance they scout and scorn,
And sing their reckless joy;
Each storm-cleft boulder, left forlorn,
They hail a welcome toy!

Unknown to each, each onward bounds
Down rocky gorge and dell,
O'er heights there mingle echoing sounds,
That soon their fate shall tell.

“Hark,” says each streamlet, “whence that song
Afloat from some far sphere?
Oh, come again, sweet strain, prolong
And thrill my listening ear!”

The leaping cascades bound and rush,
And, 'tween the opening rocks,
Behold with love's first thrilling flush,
The fate their future mocks!

Nor rock, nor steep, nor sullen fate
Can thwart th' embracing streams:—
With love's first thrill intoxicate,
Their course securer seems!

“Behold, 'tis fierce, and dark, and deep,
Where wends yon canyon wild;—
Together there we'll plunge and leap:—
Dost tremble my fair child?”

“Through many a gorge and many a ledge,
Bold shall we urge our way;—
Love's amulet—this one pure pledge—
Shall hold us lest we stray.”

So spake the elder,—“See afar,
Where furious falls yon stream

With maddened foam o'er hindering bar,
With frenzied glow agleam;—

“Once like to thee, my own fond child,
’Twas free, and young, and fair,
And wantonly the uplands wild
Roamed void of every care.”

“Ah yes”—the fainter voice replied,
“Behold where roams the stream,
Just now a bow of peace I spied,
Where fell a vagrant beam!”

“Fond promise, spanning all the years
Of trials unknown before;
Thus blent in one our mutual tears
Shall mutual hope restore!”

The canyon's widening jaws still yawn,
—How dark its deep abyss!—
Their hope is fixed on love's fair dawn,
Their pledge is love's sweet kiss!

LOVE'S LOQUACITY.

HEAVY weighs my soul to-day,
Pining with departing day,
Bending with the wind-swayed tree-top,
Weeping with the falling dew-drop.

Ah, Love, know'st why?
And dost not sigh?
Heigho!

Stars are glittering in the sky:—
But the winds beneath them sigh.
Blooms the rose-bush bright and sweet:—
But a brooklet, sobbing, bathes its feet!

Ah, Love, know'st why?
And dost not sigh?
Heigho!

The nightingale sings its tuneful woe:
While the owlet hoots in the bough below:
Timidly swaying in light of the moon,
Pales a bright star withering soon.

Ah, Love, know'st why?
And wilt not sigh?
Heigho!

But the caged bird sings behind the bars;
The eaglet, motherless, soars to the stars:
The calm-coursed river scorns the rocks,
And o'er them roaring the whole earth shocks!

Ah, Love, know'st why?
What! dost thou sigh?
And hear'st my cry!
Hey! Ho!
No more sigh I!

ODE ON LOVE.

SINCE fabled Cupid erst strung his bow,
And shot his arrow
Of piercing passion this base world through,
We've sung of love!
And still they say 'tis in the world.
But what is love?
A maddened brain, a heart all whirled
With quenchless flame?

Is't love to bend above the rose,
Enjoy its fragrance
But because it rests not in repose
Upon your breast,
To curse and trample it in dust,
And wreak revenge?
Is't love to sate with soulless lust
The heated blood,

Till passion so embrutes the man,
'Most beast is he?


Is't love to pine till, thin and wan,
One dies,
Mourned by a feeling few, who wonder
Why stout souls,
Embarrassed by such trials, surrender,
Yet brave the cannon
In battle's dread and bloody charge?
What then is love?
To dream till lambent skies enlarge
Their milky paths,
And all the stars together swim
In liquid eyes,
That sadly gaze fast fixed on him
Whom none else see?

To love is not to fight or slay:—
It is *to die*!
On bleeding bosoms there to lay
The mortal life,

That from immortal sacrifice,
Inspiring incense
Shall from duty's altars rise,
The fall'n to save!

True love seeks not reward for self;
But free from greed
And avarice, as saint from pelf,
Unselfish lies
Inwoven in another's soul,
Like sun to flower
The unseen force that shapes the whole:
Motive divine!

As songs ascending in the air
Enchant our souls,
And lift to higher worlds and fair;
Though disembodied,
Yet how or why we cannot tell:—
So love new makes us,
Mellows all the soul with swell
Of sweet affection,



As when Autumn's purple haze,
Like a sea of peace,
The harsh contour of earth enswathes,
O'er mellowing all!

Sordid, selfish love is not
The strongest passion
That rings the heart to change our lot
From grief to joy.
Ah no! But sacrificial love,
Whose flames expire,
Only when its strength we prove
To save another!

The burning stars, expiring, light
A world o'er-nighted:—
The dying rose emits in flight
Its soothing fragrance:—
So love, self-slain and dying, spills
Its royal blood,
And baser hearts of earth enthrills
With life its own!

To Roberta.

A BIRD hung in the swinging trees
Singing, singing, singing,
And all the vibratory breeze
Ringing, ringing, ringing,
Made answer to its cheery call,
And bird and breeze and boughs and all
Were crying *Roberta*.

And violet banks of fragrant hue
Blowing, blowing, blowing,
Dipped to the edge of the waters blue,
Flowing, flowing, flowing:
And river and flowers together sang,
And all the echoing woodlands rang
In chorus, *Roberta*.

And fast the silver sounding-streams,
Dripping, dripping, dripping,

Leaped the rocks with circling gleams,
 Tripping, tripping, tripping:
And pebbles, rocks, and fountains clear,
 Thrilled with joy my listening ear,
 Still trebling *Roberta*.

And the eyes of Night, in the ball of blue,
 Twinkling, twinkling, twinkling,
Their scattering beams of brilliant hue,
 Sprinkling, sprinkling, sprinkling,
Called each to each through the vacuous air,
And star to star and sky so fair
 All echoed *Roberta*!

And the racket of trade in the busy bazaars,
 Pushing, pushing, pushing,
And the roll of the wheels on the lumbering cars
 Rushing, rushing, rushing,
Sang only in chorus of bass and strong,
Above the racket and jargon and throng,
 The fair name *Roberta*!

And the tear on my cheek that burned its way,
Throbbing, throbbing, throbbing,
And the voice in my heart that could not pray,
Sobbing, sobbing, sobbing,
Spake to my soul with imploring appeals:—
And like voice and the tear my heart now feels
I love thee Roberta!



Written in Sand.

'TWAS long ago.

We two were on the beach alone:—

We loved.

I stooped and wrote a name unknown,

Save only to two hearts alone:—

'TWas in the sand.

But the wild waves came,

And washed that name in the sand away,

That I wrote.

Ah, little we dreamed, that distant day,

That name was foolishly written away,

Only in sand.

Though vanished forever

From the beach, where once with my finger 'twas

written

In sand:—

On the beach of my memory, with sorrow-waves
 smitten,
That name with a rod of misery is written,
 Forever in sand!





Meditation.



The subtlest thought that finds its goal
Far, far beyond the horizon's verge,—
Oh! shoot it forth on arrows bold
The thoughts of men on, on to urge.
—C. S.

Ever a current of sadness deep
Through the streams of thy triumph is heard to sweep.
—HEMANS.

WOMAN.

FORM and figure are not solely,
What we love in woman wholly;
But the charm of matchless grace,
Not in folds of fleecy lace
Which her satin robes may trace,
But in thought, in deed, in heart,
Which sweetness to her years impart.

I love to see some carved image,
The pride of every clime and age,
Whose each lin'ament force foretells,
And carnal passions calmly quells,
While all my soul with rapture swells,
As lost in dreaming, love, and hope,
My spirits with past years elope.

Sometimes woman can so charm me.
And with thousand thrills alarm me,

As o'er my humble path she flits,
Like when sun, some wavelet hits,
And scatters sparkling diamond bits
All before my dazzled eyes,
Then sweetly smiling from me flies.

Some eyes as deep and beaming are
As the evening's radiant star;
Whose liquid light my soul absorbs
Like the sun the lesser orbs;
And oft my heart of hearts disturbs,
Till days and nights, and nights and days,
Confusion whirls my brain always.

But beauty, charming elf of day,
Vanishing at night away:
Rainbow cast in morning mist,
Sheen on lake by sun-beam kissed,
Let me all thy glories list,
What art thou but moulded clay,
Shattered in a single day?

But lovely woman, whose great heart
Heals the blight of sorrow's smart,
Smooths the brow of ruffled care,
Shuts the eyes that wildly stare
O'er life's past with madful glare,
Evermore thy praise we sing,
Whose echo through the years shall ring.

What's to me a flower's smell,
If my pain it cannot quell?
What's to me the gloried visage
Of some long time-honored image,
Though crowned with praise of every age,
If it shows not some deep feeling
For my sorrow o'er it stealing?

Not the eyes that beam the brightest,
Not the feet that dance the lightest,
Not the lips that sweetest smile
And faint hearts the most beguile,
Wasting priceless pearls the while:—

Think not that these charms can hold us,
When life's chilling waves enfold us.

A hand far reaching on the waves,
The sinking soul devoutly craves,
A steady placid face above,
Beaming with its lights of love:—
The heart's devotion best to prove,
When sun is sunk and storms are high,
And echoes'round death's hollow sigh.

God be praised for hearts not eyes,
For suns and not for painted skies!
Praise woman for her hands of love
That help the woes of life remove,
And bring to us from heaven above
The soothing peace our soul embalms,
And life's tumultuous ocean calms.



ΕΥΦΡΑΣΙΑ.

IT seemed to me good one day to die,
And cast this mortal coil aside;
In sweet unconscious bliss to lie
Embosomed in death's sable tide.
Forever free from madding care,
And endless shame, and strife and woe,
Dissolved again to dust and air,
No more the ills of life to know.
O! hail, I cried, thou silent night,
Eternal rest of wearied souls,
Thy starless depths to me are bright,
Thy caverns where no echo rolls!
Why linger here where pinching want
The 'wildered brain doth craze, and hearts
Are crushed by pale-cheeked woes, that haunt
The soul, pierced deep with misery's darts?

O! sing not dirgeful songs for me,
All wrapped in death's embalming sleep;
My spirit from all misery free
Asks not that thou should'st sigh nor weep.
Not chill and damp is death's embrace,
Nor cold and rude his withering hand;
He smooths the wrinkles from my face,
And summons angels near me stand;
And all the strains of rapturous song,
That angel-choirs in heaven may sing,
He renders deep, divine, and long,
While still to life I feebly cling.

Ah, from out yon tomb, a voice
Calls my name, divinely sweet,
And bids me in my lot rejoice,
And haste with joyous hopeful feet.
Ah maid, thou maid of chastest form,
All ensconced within that tomb,
My love, my hope, my pride, my charm,
I love thee still within thy gloom!

With thee, I fain alway would live,
Where love, no more with bitter fangs,
Deep pain and sting the heart can give,
And waste dear life with wanton pangs.
Away, away in endless peace,
Where not the thrill of nameless joy,
In all the winding years shall cease,
Nor pride of earth our bliss destroy!
O! endless life, immortal hope,
Better far than these dull years,
Where endless *death* with life doth cope,
And ever burst the painful tears!

* * * *

Then down in my tomb
Slowly lower my frame.
Shrink not from the gloom:
Fear nothing but shame!
Let the organ peal low,
And the bell slowly toll,

While the strains softly flow

O'er my vanishing soul:

“ Farewell, farewell ”

Sounds the sweet voiced bell.

“ Welcome here, welcome here:”—

Strange voices are near.

'Tis done, shut my eyes,

Let me waft to the skies!

Sing a hymn, not a dirge,

I am free from life's surge!



Moods.

SOMEHOW I am thinking thy spirit is sad,
Borne down with the tide of some woe,
And, tangled in misery's meshes, is mad
With this life, slipping fast with the years' onward
flow.

The dreams of thy youth have faded to naught,
Thy once fervid passions to ashes have burned;
The crown thou hast jeweled and in fierce conflict
sought,
Fell scattered to fragments by the world coldly
spurned.

The tears that were shed in the joy of thy hope,
When the first flush of triumph was lighting thy eye
Are forgotten long since, for now thou must cope
With tears that are bitter, and the oft-choking sigh!

How oft in the sober, sad moods of one's life,
When the battle ebbs low and the din is suppressed,
Come again the grim scenes of the long bloodless
 strife,
Not an armistice granting, till the last dreamless
 rest!

When we stand by the shore of the deep heaving
 sea,
And its waves roar like monsters a hungered for
 prey,
While the winds ghastly sigh, how sad then are we
As the moon spreads her pallor o'er the shore-drip-
 ping spray!

Come ever such moods to the hearts of great men,
Whose names gird the earth like electrical wires,
And all ages have shaped with sword or with pen,
Whose memory mankind with hope still inspires?

Visit their tombs in the night's silent hour,
And bend thy keen ear to the heart of the past,

List to their spirits and bending still lower,
Thou shalt hear through their joy a sad wail to the
last!

The rising of genius through the soul's drifting
moods,

As the moon's often is through the clouds of the
night,

But a glimmer at first, then, with rapturous floods,
O'er the spirit and mind casts effulgence of light.

Our fancied Hesperides lie over the sea,
Though our faint dreaming souls may scarcely know
where;

But lured by our hope, we leave the roof-tree
And plunge o'er the deep with a wild restless glare.

How often the sheen of the fair golden fruit
Seems agleam just across some small arm of the sea;
We shout with wild joy and push on the pursuit:—
We have seized it!—'Tis ours!—Nay 'tis gone—it is
free!

Th' *ignus fatuus* glows for awhile then is gone,
And mirages erst sate us, then so quickly deceive:
So has nature our genius awaking oft done,
By a flash, by a hint, our dull sense to relieve.

But how painful the qualms of the birth of this
power,
As nature bursts forth through the crust of oppres-
sion!
Some alas! are too weak for the shock of this hour,
And baffled and trampled run wild of their mission.

Man crushes the fruit to sip the rich wine,
And crumples the rose its fond fragrance to breathe:
So affliction has thrumbed from some hearts songs
divine,
As a crisis-called hero swings his sword from its
sheath.

In Dante's doomed spirit oft breathed divine art,
While youth's curly locks still hung on his brow;

But 'twas sorrow's rude hand swept the chords of
his heart,

When he sang till gods listened like mortals below!

In Murillo's faint heart how oft glowed the fires,
While he mused o'er the embers or dreamed of his
fate;

What wonder some god his spirit inspires
To outvie his proud master and forestall his estate!

And thou, Angelo, from the ages of night,
Resplendently rising like the moon's lambent orb,
Furrowing through clouds thy plowshare of light,
Till the gloom in thy glory thou dost wholly absorb:

Never hung o'er thy radiant splendor a shade,
Begloomed thy spirit within and without,
As over the sun in his pageant parade,
Their dull scudding hues the clouds at times flout?

And Milton, was thy spirit jewel-laden each day,
Reflecting its thousand-fold beams through each
thought;

And was it not gloomed at times in life's fray,
Like the proud soaring eagle with the clouds it had
sought?

And when on thy eyeballs fell night's endless dark.
Was not thy soul dimmed with gloom sympathetic?
Though, lit on thy way with thy soul's single spark,
Swelled thy song like thy spirit profoundly pathetic!

I have oft seen the moon, slipping through silver
skies,
Turn the clouds that opposed her to islands of light!
Swift rivers their beauty never show till they rise
Over rocks and jewel the air in their flight!

Through the slime of lake-beds the lilies upshoot,
Oversprinkling the waters like stars of the day.
In the dungeon of earth each flower takes root;
And di'monds flash forth from the forest's decay!

In the moon, in the river, in jewels and flowers
Fond poesy sings the story of life:—

“Our weakness is strength, and what are our powers,
If a wound or a gash drive us back in the strife!

“Our tears shall be pearls in hope’s mystic retort,
And anthems our groans sweeping over life’s chords,
If in battle’s thick heat we defend the last fort,
And retreat not a step but hold firm to our swords!”



A Mother on Viewing the Portrait of Her Lost Child.

ANGEL from thy heavenly sphere
Sweetly smiling on me here,
Gone thy visage from our vision
Ever more to fields Elysian,
Where no more thy gentle lids
Droop to sleep, when evening bids,
On thy mother's swelling bosom
Like a dew-bathed sleeping blossom!

O! my darling, art thou gone
Beyond the worlds, beyond the sun?
Yet thy sweet face, my baby-beauty,
Wakes within each sense of duty,
As from out the past thou risest,
Like a dream my soul surprisest,

And thy gentle hand doth lead me
Back to baby-land with thee.
But on the canvas there thou art,
Brought back to life by magic art;
Thine eyes, as if with rare delight,
Spread wide their orbs with wonder bright.
And arched again thy tender lips
Where cupid hid his arrow-tips.
Smile with ancient sweetness on me
As I dream serenely of thee!
O! that round, and peach-like face,
Thy very own with every grace
That bewitched me with its smiles,
When with lamb-like, wanton wiles,
Thou didst trick thy mother's heart
With pure and inoffensive art.

Smile upon me, radiant beam
Incarnate vision of my dream!
Long, oh, long, I've sought to see thee,
From my vague thoughts oft to free thee:—

And at last thou'st come to bless me;—
 O! that I again might press thee
 To my beating bosom now,
 And all the joys again might know
 Of a mother's living love
 For a child, not yet above.
 But still with tripping feet the earth
 Treading with unhindered mirth.
 Now I know thou art not dead;—
 Nor more, with grim and haunting dread,
 Do I mind the days gone by,
 When, with one long deathful sigh,
 I kissed thy cold and rigid brow,
 White and pure as winter's snow.
 Thou art gone, and gone forever
 Beyond the dark lethæan river:
 And yet not gone;—for lo! thy face
 Here smiles with each bewitching grace;—
 And I know in yonder sphere
 More graceful e'en art thou than here.

Restful solace of my soul,
Soft as evening's vesper toll,—
The painted image of my child—
Image—yet as meek and mild
As herself was wont to be,
With living smiles encircling me.
A morning hymn, an evening prayer
On my soul bent low with care:—
A fragrance blown from paradise,
Wafting from delicious skies:—
A drifting note from anthem borne,
Echoing in my heart forlorn:—
Such art thou, thou child of art,
To my love-lorn, aching heart.

Methinks thy angel form is near,
Hovering o'er thy portrait here,
Diffusing beams of heavenly light
O'er those eyes, seraphic-bright.
O! artist's cherub, spirit's angel,
Thrilling me with blest evangel

Of Hope and Joy, once dimly grown,
 Of Faith, in seeds of sorrow sown!
 Before me thou hast cleaved the skies,
 Whither I shall too uprise.
 When the measure of my days,
 Ended with the fading rays
 Of the last dull, setting sun,
 Warns me that my course is run.

Ah that I, like thou, my child,
 Might leave a fragrance rare and mild,
 To mellow all the chilly airs
 That enswathe our life of cares,
 And might breathe a blissful prayer,
 On each soul down-prest with care,
 As my spirit wings to thee,
 Beyond the eastern, pearl-tint sea!



Ode to the San Miguel Bell.*

ANCIENT bell with naught of beauty,
Forever minding man of duty,
From the early peep of day,
Till rays of light have passed away;
Through every age, in every weather,
Thy tones ring soft o'er time-mown heather,
And ever clear as clarion note,
O'er hill and woodland vale afloat,
Call mournfully each soul to mass,
Both saint and sinner as they pass!

Touching are thy tones of sweetness,
Reverent, pure, with sacred meetness

*In the old adobe San Miguel Mission at Santa Fe, N. M., there still hangs an ancient bell. Its age is almost equal with that of the church, which is said to be 300 years. The bell shows signs of frequent breaks which, having been soldered, look like so many scar-ribs along its sides.

Rising, falling, gently swelling,
All the baser passions quelling;
Echoing down the lonely aisles,
'Mong the rafters and the piles
Of the church, and my sad soul,
As clearly rolls thy mournful toll!

Changed is all the world about thee,
Since erst thy tones rang clear and free,
On this arid mid-sea desert,
With rocky mount and pine begirt.
Changed the forms and thoughts of time;
Out of tune thy wonted chime
With newer sounds that earth now fill,
Which once thy monotone did thrill.
Mighty thrones to dust have crumbled,
Bastions and towers tumbled,
Emperors, kings and proud estates,
Alike have met their dismal fates;
And monuments, time-honored, old,
Which patriarch lips have oft retold,

Lie shattered long by vandal hands,
Whose ravages molest all lands.
And mind, for ages doomed to dust,
Though gathered long its slavish rust,
Since burst its bands with freedom's blows,
Its sheen of burnished shaft far throws
Back o'er the midnight of the past,
And silver angles dares to cast
Far forth on cycles yet unborn,
Prophetic dawn of each age-morn.
Since, feudal forms and ancient lore
Are mingled with the myths of yore,
And bounding impulse whelms the age,
To challenge each historic page,
And read anew the deeds of time,
From sea to sea and clime to clime.

And hast thou not, O! ancient bell,
These innovations sought to quell,
As clamorously thy peals have rung,
With eloquence of iron tongue?

And on each century and age,
Hast thou not sung thy quaint adage:
“Beware, beware, forget the old,
And youth, impetuous and bold,
O'er-vaults itself and outdoes hope,
And false is cast the horoscope?”
Yet spite thy peal and mellow tone,
The age to strife and change is prone,
And creeds and faiths that once were food
For noble souls, and time-sung good,
Savants with bitter scorn repel,
And tear down heaven at once with hell!

But thou unchanged art still the same,
Like that Faith thy peals proclaim;—
Dull, insipid, lost in sleep,
The ages ever o'er it sweep:
Yet as the mountains grimly stand,
Unchanged with age, sublimely grand,
So stands that ancient creed alone,
Muttering ever the self-same tone.

Thou plead'st with us, O! Ancient Bell,
And rightly seek'st our pride to quell,
In this age of skeptic-sneer,
When prayers divine, and thought sincere,
Are banished from our shrines and homes;
And chantries and cathedral domes
Re-echo with the mocking sound,
Of cowlèd skeptic's speech profound.

When civic states await with fear,
The rebel hands to shreds shall tear
The age-formed fabric of their glory,
And streams shall run red-hued and gory.—
When truths which crystallized to creeds,
As groves have sprung from virgin seeds,
Are shattered with the wanton blow
Of simple faith's wax-visaged foe!
When hoary locks have lost their prestige,
And beardless youth proclaims the presage,
And rash forecasts the horoscope
Of the age's cult and hope!

Ring, sacred relic, sternly dwell
On all our bitter fends may quell;
Ring quiet on the age's strife;
Ring peace into our restless life!
Not for greed and glory given
These few years with sorrow riven.
Not to chase the sun-beams ever,
Gliding o'er some wanton river;
Nor to foist some weired chimeras
On an age devoid of heroes;
Not to rend the earth with thunder,
When some fable is torn asunder;
Nor o'er worlds unknown to range
Eager for but one end—change!

Oldest things are still the best:—
Keep mother earth and give the rest.
The skies are old, the stars the same
As erst bespoke our curse or fame.
The flowers, that year by year unfold,
Tell o'er again a tale oft told.

The river o'er yon banklet rolling,
Rippling to our listless strolling,
Sang music to our childish ears,
Not lost through all the wandering years
The old roof-tree bent low with age,
Whence first was seen life's far-off stage,
Not yet, in manhood's vaster vision,
Gives cause for shame or cold derision

Ah, teach us better paths of progress
Than through turmoil and distress!
Best shuttles not so quickly flew,
And finer spun the toilsome few.
Better more sun-light, sky, and air,
Less selfish gain, less gambler's share!
Better a faith, though false, with peace,
Than doubt's heartache without surcease!

Thou antique bell, still let thy tone
Thine age-cursed, bitter fate bemoan.
Thy scar-ribbed sides of battles tell
Throughout the long unbroken spell,

When in thy "dobè" belfry hung,
Thou gloomily for ages swung,
And heard the echo of each tone
Ring down the desert wastes alone.

Thou voice sepulchral from the past,
Still eloquent with faith steadfast,
Speak out, we bid thee, clear and strong,
Against each time-embosomed wrong,
Till age-millennial of love
Shall golden-throated bells above
The din and turmoil softly ring,
And heaven's angelic host shall swing
Their silver-lighted robes of Peace
O'er all the earth, and bring surcease
Of wrong, and rack, and woe, and death,
And swathe the world with heavenly breath.



Harmony.

O! HARMONY of worlds on high,
Of worlds beneath, around:
From air, from water, sky, and star,
From that same God who seems afar,
Thrills all my soul with voices nigh,
Blent sweetly in one soothing sound
Of Harmony.

One language speaks each variant form,
Embossed on nature's bosom;
Each vibratory atom wild
Is thrilled in passion's fusing storm,
And echoes from each star to blossom—
The song, on radiant sun-beam mild,
Of Harmony.

As floating, vapory atom seeks
 The upbound clouds beyond;
As birdlings, in their anxious nest,
Motherward uplift their beaks:
As wavelet sighs by fern and frond,
And swells at last in ocean-crest,
 O! Harmony,

So seeks the listening soul, for aye,
 Through sounds inchoate, wild;
And finds in consciousness divine,
Within itself, through endless day,
One Voice that guards the straying child,
One Love, one Virtue, all benign,
 Of Harmony!





Fancy and Imagination.



Break, Fantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings,
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream
It must have blood and naught of phlegm,
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odor rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

—BEN JONSON.

ADRIENNE.

O! LAUGHING, sprightly Adrienne,
Sweet thy smiles and coquetry,
Like purling pools, in glade and glen,
Shining, smiling, me beguiling,
'Round knolls awhirl and hillocks by,
Flying as the spring birds fly,
All aflush with morning hues,
As flash the rays in diamond dew,
Away thy youthful moments whiling,
O! Adrienne with witchful smiling.

O! Adrienne, with flaxen tresses,
Deep blue eyes, and marble skin
Gently flushed with faint rose-tints,
Like the first faint ray the morning hints;
What transport found in thy caresses,

With thee away in woodland strolls,
By streamlet's banks and mossy knolls,
Whose sheep-shorn grass all silken lies,
Brocaded by the summer skies,
As o'er our heads a song bird flies.

O! Adrienne, what cares are thine,
Thou happy bird with songs divine?
Whence thy notes of silver-treble
Sweet as brooklets o'er the pebble?
O! thou bird of paradise,
Light and airy as the down
On the misty mountains blown,
Swift and radiant as a river,
Flitting o'er my pathway ever—
Thrilling me with wild surprise.

Yet giddy, gaysome Adrienne,
Flying ever, ill at rest,
Like sun-lit butterfly in morn
'Round flower and reed, 'round rose and thorn:—
I would chase thee now and then,

Like the doe the fleeing roe,—
But thy love doth o'er me flow,—
Till drops my heart from out my breast,
And from my spirit fails my breath,
And I swooning sink in death.

O! Adrienne, thou frisky elf
I would study arts of pelf,
If thy heart I could purloin.
I would mint my blood to coin,
If I knew thy love 'twould buy!
But when I mention love to thee,
With all thy heart thou mockest me,
And with a laugh dost greet my sigh:—
Laughing, laughing, laughing ever,
Thoughtless as a running river.

Like a rose thy fragrance breathing,
All thy smiles with rapture wreathing;
O! thou winsome, gaysome maiden,
Fluttering all thy wings of joy,

With every hue of beauty laden ;
Puzzle of my very being :—
Strange, illusive, shy, and coy—
Breeze-blown mist before me fleeing—
Art thou *now* as thou'dst be *then*—
Wife wert thou O! Adrienne?



Youth's Dream.

I SAT by the sea one summer night,
And heard the moan of its waves.
At my feet lay the long, white, sandy beach,
Hard by the age-hollowed caves.
And the waves beat high, and the waves beat low,
And never their fury ceased:
And the old caves groaned and the sand-beach
sobbed,
As the mad sea-waves increased.

And the silvery moon with her horn half-filled,
O'er the sky spread her shimmer of mist,
And far from the shore, with her white trembling
lips,
The sea-waves she timidly kissed.

And the moon wooed the sea; but the sea mocked
the moon,

For nothing of love knew he:—

But away and away rolled his rough, rocking waves,
Ne'er heeding the moon nor me.

* * * * *

And so in my youth I sat on the beach

Of the ocean of years to be;

Saw the dim dawn of life, like the pale light of moons.

Glide and gleam o'er the dark, distant sea.

And from vessels far off, like dim shadows afloat,

I heard sounds as of battles to come:

And my heart swelled with hope, as my soul sailed
away,

Far away from myself and my home.

And I thought 'twere but cowards could dread such
a sea,

Inviting to hottest pursuit:

Where each league is o'er-strewn with jewels of
wealth,

As orchards with ripe golden fruit.

And I builded my boat and unfurled the full sails,

And dauntless the deepest seas sought,

And chased all the fleets and vanquished the crews,

As the bravest have never yet fought.

And I urged o'er the sea through the acts of my life,

Till the evening dusk dimmed its faint light:—

Till the bright glowing sun of my mid-day of years

Sank blushing and purpling from sight.

And I thought the whole world lay subdued at my
feet,

The tiara of triumph my crown;

And far away ages still bowed at my name,

For the stars echoed back my renown.

But the moon was not silver that shone on the
sea,

Though it gleamed like a clean-polished shaft:

Nor was wine of my Hope, which I drank in those
dreams,

From the chalice of life ever quaffed.—

But as moon wooed the sea,—though the sea mocked
the moon,

For nothing of love knew he;—

So my years whirled away, and swept swift from my
sky

Both the Moon of my Promise and Me!



THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

ONCE a rose, red-flushed and flaming,
Chanced its life in an unhappy framing
Of the issues of love.

With wavering wings it flew
To the lap of a maiden true;
And its red lips redder grew,
As she kissed their ruby hue:—
Looking vaguely above,
Kissed, too, a missive the rose had brought,
And through misty eyes its mystical meaning
sought.

And she passionately kisses the rose;
But the mystical message close
To her feverish lips
She presses, baptized in her tears.—

Since, o'er her path swift years
Have flown, with ominous fears.
But ever doth the chalice of tears
Her vague hopes eclipse;
And she wanders a victim of love disappointed,
A Priestess of Woe, with the unction of sorrow
anointed.

But the rose forgotten and lorn,
And wasted, and withered, and worn,
I found to-day,
'Twixt leaves of a volume old,
Pressed colorless, thin, and cold.
To my eyes a romance of old
This ghost of a rose re-told,
In the book where it lay:—
Ah love, ah death, can ye so mar a rose?—
Yet a maiden's wan heart this rose doth but dimly
disclose.

Betrayed.

'Twas in the evening of years,
While the dew was asleep on the fields and the
flowers,
And the dusky mist hung o'er the blossoming
bowers:

And she wandered alone in the valley of tears,
Like a phantom of woe affrighted with fears,
Watching the hours
Glide into years.

She recalled the whisper of love,
Like the breath of the morn on the blossoming
heather,
Or a breeze flower-freighted in the warm summer
weather;
Like a chant of the stars from the heavens above,

Driving onward her spirit, like the wind-driven
dove,

Or a billow-borne feather,
O'er the ocean of love.

She saw, through the mist of her tears,
A boat like a shadow adrift o'er the main,
And two figures within as in dreams rose again;
And the sun broke again through the storm of her
years,

And bedecked like a rainbow the dew of her tears;
But alas, not again
To restore the lost years!

And back from the island of love,
Like a phantom, she saw her doomed spirit float,
Afloat, afloat, without sail or a boat:
Drifting back all alone from the island of love,
Drifting back o'er the main, like a storm-smitten
dove.

All alone and afloat,
O'er the ocean of love.

Thus on the bosom of love,
The true and the false sail ever together
As clouds meet the blue in the fair summer weather;—
And trusting in vain to the false plight of love,
Float deathward the true, like an arrow-pierced dove,
Hither and thither,
O'er the ocean of love.



THE HUNTER AND THE BIRD.

DEATH'S in thine arrow
For the free-flying sparrow,
O! feelingless hunter for prey.

O! see how it gleams,
And the blue air seams,
As it frightens the birds far away!

Ah, fierce-flying arrow,
Thou hast shot the poor sparrow,
And it flutters and falls to the ground;

And clean through its heart
Pierced thy murderous dart,
Which so swiftly its victim hath found!

Ah, arrow-pierced bird,
All my soul thou'st bestirred
With feelings of strangest emotion:—

For I have seen hearts,
So pierced as with darts,
Hang drooping with tearful commotion.

And hunters I've seen,
With huntsman's sense keen,
Track their prey like a hound in the field:—

Till Envy's sly arrow
Hath pierced to the marrow,
And the victim hath staggered and reeled.

Or Friendship's false guise
Hath broke with surprise,
Great hearts too true for revenge;—

Till their strength was so shorn,
By such bitter fate torn,
To cowards they basely could cringe.

Yet some, with deep pain
At their hearts,— like death's strain—
Have long buffeted tides of ill-fate:—

To these hearts clings the arrow,
As to thine, drooping sparrow:—
Sad symbol of mourner's sad state.

O! faint bleeding hearts,
Pierced with misery's darts,
Take hope—there is healing at last!

Though the noblest have bent
To death's arrow—swift sent,—
By the hands of base underlings cast;—

Still their darts shall be broken,
And stout hearts shall betoken—
They that suffer shall rejoice at the last!



Hope.

I.

THE dull, dark skies are bending low,
My barque is skipping fleet;
The gulls swirl wild and leeward go,
'Mid clouds of spray and sleet.
The thunders crack, the lightnings flare,
My barque is quivering through;
My eyes, red balls of fire aglare,
On phantoms fiercely glue.
The deck is swept with troops of waves,
My sail is flung in shreds;
My cry, the wild winds piercing, craves
The help its shriek forbids.
For hope is gone:
Despair is king.
The waves have none
But agony's ring.

Sink, sink, my shivered barque.
Give o'er my fevered soul:--
The day is done, the night is dark
And death's waves o'er me roll.

II.

But lo! in the night,
A wavering light,
Agleam from the shadowy shore!--
The flickering beams lie faint before
My trembling barque alone.
Now, one by one,
The great waves swoon,
Beneath my sturdy blows;
The storm is spent, the night is noon,
The beacon gently glows.--
Like a star of hope,
It faintly shows
My horoscope,
Beyond.

III.

When sea-waves roll
O'er sorrowed soul,
And death's pit opens wide,
If Faith prevail and Hope preside,
In all my soul's large scope,
My barque shall ride,
O'er storm and tide,
Till peace abide
My rescued soul,
Beyond!



Santa Barbara, Cal.

Fair maiden asleep in thy bowers of love,
Where rosy-hued mists drift lightly above;
And their fleecy brocades waft o'er thee forever,
Dreamily soothing as the song of a river;

Where thy feet the sea bathes with calm, placid
motion,
And thine eyes gaze forever on the far-rolling
ocean;—

And beyond thee the islands, like nymphs of the sea,
Their golden and silvery sheen, in their glee,
Wave backward and forward, while their laughter,
as clear
As the clashing of pearls, thrills the mild evening
air:—

There I found thee, fair maiden, asleep in thy
bowers,

Where the skies bathe thy temples with radiant
showers;

With thy face rose-dimpled with smiles of the spring.
Where brooklets are murmurous and birds ever sing.

Swinging half asleep in thy hammock of peace,
All listless of aught that life's sorrows increase:

Swinging and sleeping 'mid the rumble and rustle
Of brooklets and woodlands, and the merry birds'
bustle:

Sleeping and dreaming in thy hammock of love,—
And kissed by the zephyrs, that wantonly rove

'Mong the soft languid airs, and the poly-hued
flowers,

Abloom on the hillsides, in gardens and bowers.

Fair Siren, asleep on the far-western shore,
In thy bosom of green let me lie evermore:—

Where vineyards and hills, in delicious soft airs,
Lure me away from my dull, carking cares.

Asleep in thy beauty, never wake to the sin
That cankers the heart of this world we are in.

Never wake to the lust, and the pride, and the
 shame,
That pales thy proud sisters of loftier fame:

Never let the coarse thrift of the world's blighting
 commerce
Grimace thy fair face or thy pure hopes disperse:—

But pure as thy flowers that breathe on the air,
Be thy spirit forever as gentle and rare.

Rival not the great marts, where the false show of
 wealth

Hath the cheek of youth hollowed, and blighted its
health.

Where the heart is soon hardened to the flint and
the steel,
And man crushes man 'neath his hard iron heel.

Where Charity is cursed and Forgiveness forgot,
And the Poor are forever accursed in their lot!

Rather thou, let Repose and the slumber of Love
Embosom thee ever, as the soft airs above.

Breathe ever on all thy fair Benediction,
Till Comfort shall crown the brow of Affliction!





Hymns.



Holy worship never dies,
In thy house where we adore.
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Wherefore, Most Sacred Spirit, I here present
For me and all my fellows Praise to Thee!
—HERBERT.

My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee!
—JOHN WESLEY.

“TO THEE, O! GOD.”

TO Thee, O! God, my soul awakes,
E'er morning light my slumber breaks;
In dreams my fancies trace Thy course,
O'er-lit with beams from heavenly source.

Of Thee, I think, when shadows fall,
And twilight woos to sweet repose,
When purpling clouds in daytime's close,
To hallowed thoughts my soul recall

When heavy weight of care oppresses,
And sinks my heart with sad despair:
To Thee ascends my soothful prayer,
And all my soul Thy love caresses.

To Thee, ascend my tears of woe,
As vapors to the sun ascend,

And lost in Thee, like pearls depend
And span my sky with peaceful bow.

When joys ecstatic thrill my heart,
And notes, from chords divine adrift,
My very being to the skies uplift;
Entranced in Thee all sins depart.

O! Thou, my song of Hope, my Joy;
My Life of life, my spirit's Power;
O! vanquished soul's divine Restorer,
Be Thee to serve my life's employ!



A Prayer.

O! GOD receive my heart,
And give me power t' impart
Thy joy divine,
To every mortal dying,
From human woe outerying
To Thee benign.

Once lost I wandered lorn,
My swollen breast uptorn
With sin and shame.—
When the world was dark to me:
A deep and deathful sea,—
To Thee I came.

O! cold and ruthless life:
A piercing, rankling knife
Of creeping death!

Farewell, farewell forever,
May God my soul deliver
From thy dank breath.

Come, glorious light of love,
Down-streaming from above,
 On my glad soul!
Still lift me higher, higher,
To God's own bosom nigher,
 And heaven's goal!

As sun, the ether through,
O'ercasts his mists of blue,
 Each atom mingling;
So love drifts through my heart,
And fuses part with part,
 Each fiber tingling.

And evermore rush through me,
O! flooding, fiery sea
 Of love divine.
And kindle every thought,

Till no more hapless lot

Make me repine.

Accept my service, Lord,

To Thee each thought and word

I would ordain.

From every luring pleasure,

From every sinful treasure,

Help me refrain.

Then shall my mortal frame,

Not languishing in shame

Of human sin,

At last, transfigured be,

An image like to Thee,

And glory win.

Then hear my humble prayer,

Cut off the weights of care,

And free my wings!

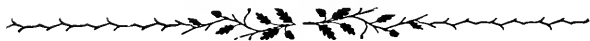
I soar, I soar to Thee,

My soul, forever free,

Hosanna sings!



Nature.



I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July-flowers.

—HERRICK.

Pleased we remember our august abodes,
And murmur as the ocean murmurs there.

—LANDOR.

To him who, in the love of Nature,
Holds communion with her visible forms
She speaks a various language.

—BRYANT.

A Spring Song.

THERE'S a voice in the bough, and a tongue I trow.
In the leaflets bending low,

Like the voice of my love from the heavens above,
To my faint heart here below.

And it sings, and it sings,

And the whole air rings

With the ring of the resonant spring:—

Chipper-ip, ch-wee,

Ch-wee, ch-wee,

Fills the air with melody.

And a form in the skies when the sun-beams arise,

Coloring the cloudlets of morn,

Bids my wearisome heart from its sorrows depart,

And smile in the calm and the storm.

And it sings, and it sings,

And the whole air rings

With the ring of the resonant spring;
And "'Tis well, all is well,"
Like a mellow-voiced bell,
Its rhythmical melodies swell!

And the skies kiss the sea where they bend to the lea,
As the waves come tripping and rocking.
And gaysome gulls whirl where the merry waves
swirl,—

My foolish fears wantonly mocking:—
And they sing, and they sing,
And make the air ring
With the ring of the resonant spring:
And the gaysome gulls whirl,
Where the merry waves swirl,
And the sun-colored spray-foams curl!

And sounds sharp and shrill like melodious trill,
From the urchins and children at play;
With the dogs cheery bark and the caroling lark;
Blend to music in the dying of day.

And they shout, and they sing,
And their loud laughs ring
With the ring of the resonant spring,
While the birds' ch-wee,
Ch-wee, ch-wee,
Fills the air with melody!

And the newly leafed boughs, when the morning
winds rouse,
Swing aloft their foliage plumes;
And flowerets of blue and many a hue,
Tinge the earth with their gorgeous blooms!
And they rustle, and flutter,
And murmur and mutter,
While the birds in the tree-tops sing,
Whose chirrup, ch-wee,
Chipper, ch-wee,
Fills the air with melody!

And the clear liquid note of a flute-song afloat,
Glides on where the moon-beams quiver;

And the soft eyes of love, like the moon-beams above.

Their pensive looks cast on the river!

Then the cooing of doves,

With the whisp'ring of loves,

Commingle with birds of the spring,

And the merry ch-wee,

Chipperee, ch-wee,

Fills the air with melody!



Spring in the North.

O! MAGIC marvel of this land,
When burst from winter's icy hold,
As by wizard's mystic wand
Thy vernal beauties manifold:—
The rich, green down of waving trees
Bending to the kissing lakelets,
Whose bright sheen, the balmy breeze
Varies with a thousand wavelets.
The new-born violets and flowers,
Countless as the stars in heaven,
Ope each day to catch the showers,
From the soft skies mildly driven.
And that mellow velvet sheen
Of the rich sward's matchless gloss,—
Endless sea of endless green—
All the brown earth doth emboss!

The vapory fog still drooping low,—
As maid, her lover though she shuns,
Still seeks a kiss e'er she will go;—
So kissed by fair Aurora's lips,
Like flame-fringed smoke suspending,
The rills and rippling riv'lets skips,
The lakes and skies with rare mists blending!



Summer in the South.

HERE wave the soft palmetto leaves,
And all year bloom the roseate hues,
And languid sun in soft mist weaves
Faint vapors from the rains and dews,
Which hang all year in lambent haze,
Till man grows dull and vain with ease,
Intoxicate with sylvan lays,
And sighing winds and fragrant trees!



THE SONG OF THE WATERS.

I SIT by the river's bank;—
Sweet is the sound of its voice.
Its purling waters, rank
And rife, 'round the rocks rejoice.

Swift as the sweep of the wind,
Over steep banklets they roll.—
In the song of these waters, I find
Solace for my sorrowing soul.

Onward they course forever,
Unmindful of rock or beam;
On, in th' embosoming river,
Where wanders the vagrant stream.

Were it not for rude obstacles there,
That lie in the path of the river,

The music of song so fair,
Were dead to my ear forever.

Nevermore would the clear waters glisten,
Like jewels in the lingering beams,
Nor the spirits of fond lovers listen,
To the soothful music of streams.

Nor would colorless pebbles delight
Their vary-hued bosoms to show,
False-faced in the rivulets flight,
'Neath the wavelet's glimmering glow.

The waters are never so rare,
Their music so soothful and sweet,
As when they cleave the free air,
O'er a precipice roaring and fleet.

'Tween unpebbled narrowing banks,
O'er amber-hued sand-beds flowing,
Forgetful of wild mountain pranks,
Of the winds that are lustily blowing,

Each wavelet is listless and dull,
And yields to a mantling slumber;
Nor are echoing woodlands full
Of the voices of musical number.

When they roar and rush from yon heights,
And sparkle, and feather, and jewel,
What heart so dull but delights
In a fate that seems so cruel?

Like a weird harp thrown in the hand
Of the bride of the rude mountain range,
Which some spirit with mystical wand
Sweeps with melodious change!

And the sun to the marriage hath come
And flung his coronal of love
O'er the feet of the waters that hum
'Neath the brow of the mountains above.

And cascades dainty and timid,
Like children too mindful of fear,

O'er the mossy rocks, crystal and limpid,
Creep slowly; but their voices are clear,

As they call with soft silver-treble,
To the venturesome streamlets ahead;
While again, from each eddy-swept pebble,
The streamlet re-echoes its dread!

O! ever, forever, and ever,
As they flow o'er the rocks and the beams,
Blent voices in melody quiver,
And sing to the harp of the streams!

O! river-gods, where do ye wander
To find such mellifluous tunes?
Must ye study and sorrow and ponder,
To create your rhythmical runes?

Ye ripple, and rimple, and rumble,
Ye rush with tempestuous roar:—
In unfathomed canyons ye mumble,
From yon heights your proud torrents pour!

In broad ocean's bosoms ye slumber,
Or heaven's deck sweep with your waves;
Or storm the white beach without number
Of troupes,—your billowy slaves!

Ye gleam in the silvery light
Of the moon, as she glides from the skies;
Or pour in the thundersome night,
When the Death-Angel frightfully flies!

Yet ever and ever, wherever
In earth, or the skies, or seas,
Your waters do tremble and quiver,
Their music our rude hearts please.

Then flow on and sing on forever,
And teach us our lives may be
Sweet as a musical river,
Vast as a fathomless sea!

SNOW.

O! thou gentle star-formed flake,
Softer falling than soft wool
On the faded flower, the lake,
In autumn's airs—erst chill and cool!
Harmless as the fluttering feather,
Gentle as an angel's kiss;
Yet how fiercely, when together
Myriad-banded, thou dost hiss:—
Like the roaring whirlwind ever
From the clouds of blasting blackness,
—Blinding, swirling sand-storms never
Sought the deserts with less slackness—
Sleeting, twisting, swelling, winding,
'Round and 'round in forms appalling,
Howling, billowing, crunching, grinding,
Destruction's final woe forestalling!

But ah! at last when calm thou liest,
Over field and main and lake,
And no longer madly fliest,
As if death were in each flake;
O! mantle of the chastest hue,
Softened are our spirits then!—
Never seemed the sky so blue,
Treading thy white breast again,
When autumn mists their gold have lost,
In the dreary northern lands,
Where the snows have swiftly crossed,
Swift as hordes of Scythian bands,
And tramped the fields and woodlands down,
With their soft, white, tender feet,
Weaving fast a spotless gown,
Jeweled o'er with glistening sleet!



Autumn Scene.

NE’ER artist drooping veil unflung
From picture more divinely fair,
Than o’er the hills and woodlands hung,
All bathed within the balmy air.
O’erbending all the expectant earth,
The mellow skies with rapture hung,
And forestalling winter’s dearth,
Praises from the woodlands rung:
A thousand leaflets all bedecked
With splendors of a thousand suns,
With gold and red and brown o’er-checked,
While here and there a wild vine runs.
Now yellow flush of molten gold
O’er-floods the view from maple boughs,
While oaks red-flaming leaves uphold
Against the sun’s fast fading glows.

Hills and ravines are all agleam
With hazel of yellow and sumach red,
An endless blaze of billowy flame,
As far, as far as the heavens spread.
And 'mong the boughs and leaflets peeping,
The bright blue gleam of a lake is seen.
Down by the rushes sweetly sleeping,
Where wild ducks skim her beautiful sheen.



Song of the Stars.

FOREVER and ever, far over the main,
Far as the blue of the ether may reign,
We sail, we sail in our vessels of light,
E'er trailing the path of the moon in her flight;
And up from the rim of the round hórizons,
We are singing and singing our fond orisons!

E'er since, on that far away morning of light,
Swift swirled the Creator our globes, fair and bright,
Far o'er the blue-bending walls of the night,—
We are singing His Majesty, Glory and Might!
And mourning the death of the glare-golden day,
In solemn procession we chant and pray.

Not alone, not alone in the night, do we
Far furrow the fields of the sapphire sea;
But glinting and glowing, cloud-hidden and soaring,

O'er the pearl-pink bosom of morning outpouring
Splendors invisible, jewel-banked beams,
Outdazzled with glow of Aurora's red streams.

Chide not, we flee not the triumphs of noons,
Embracing the bosoms of soft, timid moons;
But aflash and agleam in the high tide of light,
Unveiling our brows, though invisibly bright,
On paths, where once Erebus reignèd eterne,
We uplift the free torch of a new-flaming urn!

Hear ye, oh, hear ye:—the voice of the Morn
Through the long lost cycles we have happily borne,
Since the chorus angelic of Heavenly Throng,
Far-flinging the strains of the echoing song,
Creation's loud praises triumphantly sung,
O'er the far azure fields where we joyously hung!

We tickle the breasts of the sweet, sleeping streams,
And laugh them to life with our fair, dimpling beams;
We poise on the mountains like lorn isles of light,

And dance down the skies like fairies of night!
We are emblems of joy:—we are love's amulets;
And your fortunes foretell with our flickering jets.

We guide mariners far o'er the billowy main;
We peep through the clouds of the thunderous rain;
We are rulers of night, and undaunted by day
We sail, we sail o'er the far azure bay,
And alone, all alone, the soft whispers we hear
Of love's fairy bowers, that woo us anear!



Winter Nights.

I LOVE those clear and frosty nights,
When from blue skies silvery moons
Cast o'er the snow purpureal lights,
Soft as the sound of heavenly tunes!
When all the air seems sifted through
With silvery germs of myriad worlds,
Soft tinted with faint hints of blue,
Adrift from Cynthia's wanton curls!



In the Spring.

THE shadows a-sway in the sway of the lights,
Now rise and deepen and lighten;
The frost-hood of winter, the song bird affrights,
Drips in dew as the misty beams brighten;
And the bud on the bough puffs its innocent lips,
Aflush with the hues of the morn:—
And my love, which was born
In the early spring morn,
The storms of a winter shall never eclipse!

When birds are a-wing in the boughs of the trees,
And the blooms are ablaze in the air,
Who shall say what the bird, and the bloom, and
the breeze,
May do in the daylight fair?

For my heart is aleap to the brim of my lips,
When the spring and the sparrow are born:—
And in early spring morn,
My young love was born,
Which no storm of a winter shall ever eclipse!

Then the hum and the sigh of the busy bees' wing
Chant a hymn to my waking soul.
And what do the waters, with silver-drip ring,
To the pebbles repeat as they roll?
O! never the secret shall break from their lips,
Till springs shall cease to be born.
And when spring was in morn,
Was my young love born,
Which the storms of all winters shall never eclipse!

But the spring-hues fade on the breast of the bird,
When the brief spring-tide is past:—
And what have the flowers and rivulets heard
Of the loitering breeze as he past?
For their pulses are slow, and the hues of their lips

Are dull in the early morn:
Ah, love that was born,
When the spring was in morn,—
Shall the storm of some winter thine ardor eclipse?





Pathos.



Hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy
Hail divinest Melancholy.

—MILTON.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul.

—COLLINS.

Hence all your vain delights
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see it,
But only Melancholy.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

YOUNG LIFE ADRIFT.

SOLD to-day, her spirit for aye,
Sold for the price of her love:—
In the leash of false hope her spirits elope,
Like the flight of a wounded dove!
A young life adrift.
On the high tide of Time,
Rocking and runing in rhyme;
O! heaven uplift
Her spirit, bereft
Of the long silent sound of a chime!

Once, like a star, her fair hope afar
Twinkled in twilight gloam,
And the angel of life, hinted nothing of strife
To her heart in her beautiful home.
O! young life adrift,
On the high tide of Time,

Rocking and runing in rhyme,
 May heaven uplift
 Thy spirit, bereft
Of the long silent sound of that chime!

Does ever a sound through the silence profound
 Echo back from the morning of life:—
Does its sweet benediction soothe the heart's keen
 affliction,
Or its pangs embitter the strife?
 Young life adrift,
 On the high tide of Time,
Rocking and runing in rhyme,
 Pray heaven uplift
 Thy spirit, bereft
Of the long silent sound of that chime!

O! clang of the clamor, and ring of the hammer,
 On the anvils of hardship and toil,
Still sweeter thy chime than the chorus of rhyme,
 When sin lures to sorrow and soil!
 O! young life adrift,

On the high tide of Time,
Rocking and runing in rhyme,
Soon a torrent flood swift,
Will drown out the drift
Of the sounds of that long silent chime!

Drifting away, yes drifting away,
Alway, away to her doom,
On to the swirl of the maelstrom's whirl,
Till lost in her watery doom!
O! frail heart adrift,
On the high tide of Time,
Rocking and runing in rhyme,
May heaven uplift
Thy spirit, bereft
Of the charms of that solacing chime!

In the spray of the waves, where the sun-beam laves,
'There's a garland of flowers aglow,
But the rush and the roar of the surge on the shore
Are, too, where the water-blooms blow!
O! maiden adrift

On the high tide of Time,
Rocking and runing in rhyme,
There's a ray, in the rift
Of the dark cloud adrift,
Marks a sound from that long silent chime!



A Dirge.

SEA of woes, oh. sea of woes,
Billowed with the thousand throes
Of anguish, and defeat of those
Who stem the tides of trial!
How oft upon the waves is cast
A broken corpse of life at last,
Whose shadow slow, and flickering fast,
Falls faintly on time's dial!

A life curse-sown, curse-sown with weeds,
Swift shooting from the scattering seeds
Of heedless, heartless, deathful deeds,
Oft done in hapless hours!
On and on, far floating, floating,
Fate and fortune never noting,
But on earthly pleasure doting,
Till seized by conquering powers!

Tearless eyes, oh, tearless eyes;
Unmindful of the mellowing skies,
Where whilom wild, and wanton cries
 Of boyhood's days were heard!
Where now those eyes, those eyes of blue,
All innocent, divine, and true,
Now with hideous, hateful hue
 Of bold corruption blurred?

O! man, my brother, friend of friend,
Hast thou no higher, holier end
To seek, where all those wild ways wend
 To luckless life and lot?
Hast thou forgot thy weeping brother,
Bending o'er thy dying mother,
Gasping that he save another
 From slough of sin self-sought?

O! man sense-slaved, insatiate,
Earth-born, earth-bound, with self irate,
Whose love is curse, and only hate
 Holds sway supreme, intense!

Hast thou forgot thy soul divine,
Whose hopes unfathomed once were thine,
Whose soothing peace serene, benign,
Curst lust drave hapless hence?

Life astray, O! life astray,
Wanton, waste, adrift for aye;
Far o'er the lea, far, far away,
 Away o'er the deathful sea!
'Tis lost, 'tis lost! O! ring the bell,
And boom the cannon o'er! O! tell
The sorrowing world 'tis well
 There's death of liberty!



In Memoriam.

H. E. W.

LET all the world be still!
Behold a new young star is crushed!
A fragrant morning zephyr hushed!
A fair fond flower brusquely brushed
By sweeping winds, and rudely rushed
To cruel fate and chill!

Let all the world bemoan
A young life blighted in the bud;
A frail bark swept upon the flood;
A broken column, where once stood
A Memnian monument of good,
Now echoing a groan!

O! close the darksome portals!
Not there in that scant house of clay,

All soundless as the death of day,
Would you our loved one dare to lay,
Unvisited by one warm ray,
Still spared to sinful mortals?

O! say, is this the end?
O! grave, is this thy victory?
And this, the hope of liberty—
Which once upon that sweet young tree,
Its shooting stems so fair and free,
Did fondly wave and bend?

And ended is that song.
Whose lisping chimes seem'd just begun;
But vied with cheer each rising sun:
Who, even when his course was run,
Still heard her, when the day was done,
Her melodies prolong?

Then let the curtain fall
On this sad drama of a soul!
One act! 'Tis brief! 'Tis all! The scroll

Of that young life is written! Roll
Thy moans, O! echoing bells, and toll
“ ’Tis ended, and ’tis all!”

’Tis ended, and ’tis all?
Nay! nay! no flower was born to die;
Nor floating germs that heedless fly,
Nor merry sound, nor mournful sigh;
Nor aught of all, in earth or sky,
That wing, or creep, or crawl!

All these in turn survive
Time’s crumbling wrecks and doomed debris!
For death’s a chrysalis, whence free
And winging natures upward flee
To newer worlds, where once to be
Forever is to live!

’Tis true of animate,
Inanimate. The mother stream
May wed some wooing, vagrant beam

Whence vapory offspring floating seem
Never to return, or dream
Of their transforming fate!

Dead leaves the dank earth cushion;
But secret germs of life remain,
Which mother earth employs again,
For some new forms without a stain,
Soon blooming o'er her wide domain,
While steeds of death rush on.

In truth, THERE IS NO DEATH
In air, or earth, or seas, or skies!
From shattered worlds, new worlds arise;
The force, that in the hammer dies,
Anew within the spark that flies,
Leaps from the anvil's sheath.

The night preludes the morn,
The sun to feed the day expires,
And, far and wide, his living fires

Transmute to dust of funeral pyres,
Some new-made life his force inspires,
While the mask of death is worn.

The pulse has ceased to beat!
And shall we say, because no more,
Her feet trip merrily o'er the floor,
Nor now, her laughing eyes look o'er,
Sweet scenes that tell of childish lore,
Conned oft in moments fleet;

Because a voice is silent,
Whose charm still echoes from each sound;
And arms are leaden that once were wound
With warm affection, 'round and 'round
Each loving form, till hearts were bound
To yield and not repent?

Say you 'tis therefore ended?
This beauteous life whose hopes were won
Ere the race of her years had fairly begun;
Her powers still fresh as dew in the sun,

Or a rose in the morn ere his course is run,
Or his beams with mists have blended?

Ah yes, 'tis ended at last:
The gauze and disguise of earth's masquerade,
The tinsel and show of the painful parade,
The hollow pretense that false wealth hath made!
Ended for shame, and sin's sullen shade
O'er a fallen race gloomily cast!

Ended? Ah, just begun;
Away, far away o'er a pearl-tinted sea,
Where the voyagers sail all fearless and free!
Away, far away, where the mystical tree
Its perennial fruit on the evergreen lea,
Displays 'neath th' unsetting sun!

And listen! A prayer is heard:
Like nightingale's song in the silence of night,
Or sweet last sound of the swan in his flight;
Like music of stars in the morning of light!
For thee!—Let angels with thee delight;—
For thee—her last fond word!

The Dying Chieftain.*

I.

HE is dying! He is dying!
Softly toll the loud-tongued bells!
No more let their clamorous paeans
Rend the air with resonant swells!
For a people bows with sighing
At their chieftain's bedside dying:—
Dying, slowly dying:
While the April winds are crying
For release from winter's hold!

*Written in the early days of the month of April, 1885, when the nation and the world were watching with mournful gaze beside the bed of Gen. Grant, daily, hourly expecting his departure.

II.

Warrior helmeted with crown
Of a people's Praise and Glory:—
Clad with armor of renown,
Once in battle stained and gory,
Washed and furbished with the tears
Of the myriad, grateful eyes
 Of a nation sighing, sighing,
 For its honored chieftain dying,
 Dying, slowly dying,
 While the April winds are crying
 For release from winter's hold!

III.

Faded now his flashing eye,
Hope of Friend and fright of Foe!
And his iron-muscle arm,
Whose resistless, sword-thrust blow
Recalled the people from alarm,

And hurled the foe repulsed and reeling,
Backward, backward in defeat,
Till the whole world heard the cry
Of the shouting columns wheeling
 On the columns in retreat!
But the hero now is lying
At Death's door, meekly dying,
 Dying, slowly dying,
While the April winds are sighing
For release from winter's hold!

IV.

And tear of Friend with tear of Foe
Mingling, at his bedside bending
North and South, once more united,
Kiss the old war-flag suspending
O'er the hero's dying couch;—
Kiss the flag and kiss the hero,
Melting all at nature's touch,
As he lifts the trembling flag

To his faltering lips and eyes,
And waves it feebly, feebly sighing:—
 “ If I’m dying, truly dying,
 Let the People’s shout arise
 From sea to sea, and crag to crag,
 For ’tis not the Nation dying,
 ’Tis the old Chief only dying:—
 God saved the Union,”—crying—
 “*God keep the Union!*”—sighing—
 Dying—ah yes—dying!
 While the April winds are crying
 For release from winter’s hold!

V.

A Southern soldier sends a wreath
T’ entwine with blossoms on his bier,
Bearing on its fragrant breath
The gentle peace-offering and tear!
He, who fought him fierce at Shiloh
Once, to rend the land in twain,

Now beside the dying hero,
Swears allegiance once again!
O! greatest triumph, conquering hero
Thine to win whilst thou are dying!
Dying! Alas, dying!
While the April winds are sighing
For release from winter's hold!

VI.

A statue to our Great Ulysses,
A UNITED PEOPLE soon shall raise,
To send his name o'er isles and seas,
And tell the suffering lands afar,
How he rendered bondmen Freemen,
By the triumphal trial of War,
While now the *Union* shouts "amen!"
He washed the blot from our scutcheon's glory,
And stemmed the severing thrust of death!
O! let the statue tell the story,
Festooned with the fadeless wreath

Of a People's loud acclaim,
Shouting "Glory to his name!"
For friend and foe rejoice the same:—
"Glory! Praise and Glory!" crying,
O'er the chieftain's bedside, dying:—
Ah! speak softly! Yes, he's dying,
Dying, slowly dying,
Dying,
While the April winds are sighing
For release from winter's hold!



Mourn for the Living Lost.

O! MOURNER crowned with wosome weed,
Thy ills are sad, and scant thy meed
Of human comfort given!
For thee the night with doleful gloom,—
—Chill shadow—shrouds a stainless tomb,
Beneath a star-lit heaven.

Ah! weep, and let thy burning tears
Still tell, that through the trying years,
Thy love was true to love!
And every tear, a jewel laden
On the casket of the lifeless maiden,
Shall shine a star above!

Her life was pure, her name an honor;
Coarse calumny could cast upon her
No stain of venomous tongue!

Her cheek's fair blush was innocent;
Her soft eyes spoke the sweet content
She oft in joyance sung.

Nor hung your veiled heads low with shame,
When death's shrill voice her queenly name,
Back-shouted through the dark!
Your tears burn not upon your face,
Like heated irons of disgrace,
And brand a masqueless mark!

Your fate is sad:—we mourn with thee.—
And yet, within this dark, dead sea
Of human life, there's woe
Upcasts its slime from deeper depths,
And winds its green and circling breadths
'Round mortals here below.

* * * * *

O! Lover, dost thou mourn thy loss?
And yet, thy gold turned not to dross,
When fused with passion's fires!

Thou still hast hope that thy fair one,
Beyond yon moon and golden sun,
To spotless life aspires!

O! sister the wild night-wind replies
In ghastly echoes to thy cries,
Above thy brother's grave!
Yet some for brothers mourn and weep,
Who wear not on their crowns asleep
The signet of the brave!

And fair young bride, thy palsied heart
Is weightied with a widow's part,
In wedlock's roseate morn;
But oh! how oft a pale wife clings
To a corpse *alive*, who basely wrings
Her frail heart anguish-worn!

O! mourn the *living lost*!—For those
Who lie at peace in death's repose,
O'er sin their triumphs gained,
Rejoice! —ay, weep for those no more,

Who walk the radiant, stainless shore,
 With freedom unrestrained!

Mourn for the living lost: whose life
 Is but an endless death, and rife

With rank and writhing woes;
 Whose visions of receding years,
 A dark and misty past appears,
 Where myrtles twine the rose!

O! death is not the worst of woes,
 In this world's wild and fitful throes
 Of fate's vicissitudes.

'Tis worse, far worse, when vileful sin
 Despoils the heart, and smites within
 The soul, its blight includes!



1741. 22. 2. 1741.

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